

TOC H JOURNAL

VOL. XXVI

DECEMBER, 1948

No. 12

The Great Jobmaster

You may divide Gaul into three parts, and the compass into four; you may cut all the earth into five continents; but there are only two sorts of men—the givers and the getters.—ALIC PATERSON (*Toc H Journal*, July, 1947).

AMONG SOME OF OUR MEMBERS the feeling has been growing that it is time for Toc H to look at its Jobmastery with fresh eyes, to review it in the light of the changed world in which we live, perhaps to overhaul our ideas about its aim and its method. During the coming year we hope to collect some thoughts about all this in the pages of the JOURNAL.

'Jobmastery' became the nickname twenty-six years ago for our plan of service in Toc H—and not a bad one either. In our Family we try to join the 'givers' rather than the 'getters', even if we do not always succeed, and jobmastery is intended to help us to give—our time, our talents, ourselves to other people. Two things may be said, in very general terms, about this here and now. First, jobmasters and members seeking jobs have no cause to suspect, as some are inclined to do, that the need for voluntary service is over because the State is rapidly enlarging its field of social welfare. No less an authority than Lord Beveridge gives them the answer to their doubts in a new book, briefly reviewed by the Administrator on another page of this issue.

Secondly, the great extension of statutory social service already makes it plain that not only are the part-time volunteers still needed (and they have been the pioneers of all the work the State is now taking over), but that many more full-time social workers of the right kind must come forward. It is an open secret that the great official scheme of Youth Service breaks down again and again for lack of enough men of the right gifts and character and sense of vocation; already there is official

disappointment that so few Children's Welfare officers are coming forward; there are shortages in the Prison and Borstal services, for instance, indeed everywhere. Toc H has given many good men, volunteers or whole-time, to these things for many years; it should be able to give more now. And, in our new age of planning, this calls for better training. Jobmastery is not only a most human art but a science too.

Let us link all this at the moment with one name—that of ALEC PATERSON, for two years our first Chairman, for nearly thirty a most faithful member and, in all but name, our greatest jobmaster. On November 10 the Home Secretary launched an appeal in *The Times* for an Alec Paterson Memorial Fund. The sponsors of this appeal make up a great list of Alec's close friends and fellow-workers, starting with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister and including three Home Secretaries among others. Toc H is represented by Tubby, Hubert Secretan. Charles Thompson and Barkis; the last three are members of the executive committee of the appeal, Hubert is its Chairman and one of the three Trustees of the fund.

No one can doubt that the object of the fund would be after Alec's own heart, for it is to be applied in the three special fields, among so many, to which he gave the best work of his life—Oxford, Bermondsey and the Prison Service. It is to help train picked men, who could not otherwise afford their training, for social service—Oxford men, Bermondsey men and, it is hoped, some ex-prisoners or Borstal boys who have made good and have an urge to help others to do the same. The memorial we raise to Alec is, then, to be made not of graven stone or bronze but of material even more enduring, the dedicated lives of men, fruitful in countless other lives, generation after generation.

The sum it is hoped to raise may seem large—£50,000, but Alec's friends and debtors were legion, in this country, in Europe and in America. Among them are not a few of his fellow-members of Toc H. They will want to make their small sacrifice to honour a man who gave all he had to give and to carry on some of his work. Copies of the appeal will be most gladly sent to any reader by the Editor. Contributions should go to the Hon. Treasurer, Alec Paterson Memorial Fund, 21 Soho Square, London, W.1.

To Us who Belong

A Branch Member's View

THE DECISION to wash out compulsory Membership Subscriptions from Members of Branches, other than the General Branch, has already had one most searching effect which most Branch Members will have felt. No longer can we somewhat thoughtlessly hand over our five bob and collect a membership ticket; the thing is not so easy as that, as a great many of us have found out since November the First. We had perhaps rather taken our own membership for granted; for years many of us had not met the challenge to think out again our conviction about Toc H. Then suddenly during November we were face to face with the bleak necessity of checking up. It was rather like getting out of a snug warm bed, having gloriously overslept, and finding ourselves on a frosty morning obliged to step into a cold bath—a thing we hadn't done for years. Some people like it that way and go in for cold baths as one of the few remaining luxuries of life, and there's no denying the glow they produce if fingers are not too frozen to wield the towel. But most of us like to take our cold baths in small doses, if at all. Well, if our Branch Executive has done its job, we've faced our cold bath and come out the better for it. We have been brought up with a jerk to realise again the kind of fellowship we are.

Facing the Main Resolution

Most of us, I expect, will agree that there are three main points we have had to examine. The first and by far the most important is our understanding and acceptance of the Main Resolution. The theorist may argue that this is a Resolution taken by the Central Council and not necessarily binding upon all Members; he can argue till he's blue in the face if it gives him any comfort, we won't deny him his mental gymnastics. Ordinary chaps like you and me will be content to say that it was the fellowship which grew round this Resolution, as its centre and heart, which first caught us and then held us. It takes a lot of courage for

any man at any time to "pledge himself to strive to listen now and always for the voice of God and to know His will revealed in Christ and to do it". It involves all of us in a new way of looking at things, a new way of "reacting to situations". We are at once brought hard up against the present cult of indifference to all but ourselves, the "couldn't care less" attitude which is the curse of modern times. We are members of a Society which makes demands upon us, a Society which insists that we realise, accept and act upon a sense of responsibility towards God and for our brothers and sisters, His children. We cannot retain our membership of that Society if we ignore or try to escape from those demands.

It is undoubtedly true that the great bulk of mankind prefers to wallow in the sty, free from the tiresome necessity of thinking and from the more horrifying idea of taking action as the result of thought. That is why, for example, in this year of grace some Trade Unions are controlled by Communists, men who have taken the trouble to outlive and out-think their fellows, men who have seen the truth that the determined minority will always lead the good-natured lazy majority. Throughout history it has always been so. "All movement is the result of the application of external stimuli to an inert mass," which Studdart Kennedy dubbed "a comic way of saying that man only moves when he's tickled". We have to make the choice between being ticklers or being tickled, and we have to make the choice now.

" . . . to pledge ourselves to strive to listen now and always for the voice of God, to know His will and to do it . . . " We are facing that terrific threefold pledge now, and we know that in a year's time we shall be facing it again, wondering how far we have been able to measure up to the demands it has made upon us; to listen, to know and to act; to pray, to learn and to do His will. Here is a new situation; we are personally and individually responsible for assessing our Membership in the light of that solemn pledge, and we cannot in future escape that annual duty so long as we remain within this our Family.

Building the Fellowship

Our second thoughts must have been about our own Branch Membership and the extra obligations and privileges which

Branch Membership entails. The service to which we are pledged we have already thought about; that service is "doing His will". What of the fellowship, without which Membership loses much of its warmth and colour? For my part I must confess to a personal need and desire to meet my fellow members regularly. Only by constant contact can a real fellowship grow; only by the constant play of mind upon mind and character upon character can men build the kind of fellowship we sometimes call a Toc H team. Taking a full part in Branch life is a responsibility I, as a Branch Member, must accept; taking my share, if called upon, of the responsibility of leadership in my Branch; content to make my contribution to the life of the fellowship as a backroom boy if my extraordinary gifts of leadership escape the notice of all but myself; in either case making my own peculiar and regular contribution to the life of the Branch. These are privileges and duties which are inseparable from Branch Membership.

Assessing my Share

And thirdly, now the erstwhile "capitation fee" has gone, what is my duty in this direction? Am I now free to give what I think fit? This has always been a bit of a stumper for me. I've got the wife and kids to think about; true I'm earning a bit more now than I used to, but the cost of living soon swallows all the extra pennies—look at the price of gaspers—three and six a time, and I can remember the days when they were only elevenpence-halfpenny. Still I suppose one way and another I'm spending more on my bits of pleasure than I used to—goodness knows it doesn't amount to much. I reckon the expenses of my Church have gone up in just the same way, so I put a bit more in the collection, and I know the costs of maintaining the organisation, without which Toc H would pretty soon fade out, have gone up too. That's common sense whichever way you look at it.

Let's see what's happened. The Central Council have abolished compulsory "levies" as far as they could do so—"capitation fees" from Branch Members, Lamp and Rushlight Fees, have gone. They gave us a pretty good start each year too, in a way. A steady £5,000 a year isn't to be sneezed at. But the way I see it now goes deeper than the cash value of 20,000 "capitation fees". If

twenty thousand men have faced the things I've had to face this last few weeks, and have been able to accept them, we shall be a fellowship braced, as never before, to meet the tasks surrounding us. Even so, this business of maintaining and extending Toc H and all it stands for, both in my Branch and in the Family at large, has got to be dealt with. It seems to me I must assess myself with more than my usual care. I must try to ensure that I am paying my fair share of Branch expenses and of my Branch's contribution to the Family Purse. I must ensure that the Family doesn't lose my little bit of that £5,000, and I must make a note to tell old "Ellessdee" to watch that the Branch's contribution to the Family Purse this year as a point of honour exceeds the total we sent in from all sources—Membership Subscriptions, Lamp Fee and Contributions—last year. I reckon in these days when most people seem to be wrapped up in themselves, a show like Toc H which shakes men out of self-complacency deserves everything I can put into it. My contribution by itself isn't much, but added to all the other little bits from the other 19,999 Members it ought to fill the Family Purse to overflowing.

In a nutshell, here is the threefold challenge I have felt it necessary to face and accept—to maintain and increase the Faith which inspires us, the Fellowship which sustains us and the Finance which helps to ensure our growth.

JASON.

Voluntary Action

Here the ADMINISTRATOR of Toc H points to the importance for our movement of Lord BEVERIDGE's new book, 'Voluntary Action: A Report on Methods of Social Advance' (Allen & Unwin, 16s.).

IN HIS TWO PREVIOUS REPORTS, Lord Beveridge showed how the improvement of the conditions of life for all its citizens can be developed by the State. In this volume he covers the field of voluntary service: "for the State cannot see to the rendering of all the services that are needed to make a good society". A fourth volume follows (the contents of which are given in an appendix) giving the Evidence for Voluntary Action.

Though the name of Toc H only appears once, and that in a footnote, the book might almost have been written in answer

to the prayers of harassed jobmasters. The first part deals mostly with Friendly Societies and has no direct relevance to our concerns. Part Two develops the history of the voluntary social services with brief accounts of the leading pioneers of the last century. It is when we come to Part Three, the Needs that remain in a Social Service State, that we discover our much needed primer of Jobmastery. It is greatly to be hoped that this portion of the book may somehow be made available in an inexpensive form.

We are reminded how society has changed through a rise in the standard of living, the greater equality arising from the distribution both of income and leisure, and through the coming of the Social Service State. Against this background are depicted the needs that still remain, the welfare of old people, the needs of children and of youth, of the physically handicapped and of parents. The statistically minded will find much food for thought in the various tables provided, e.g., of the range of problems dealt with by Citizens Advice Bureaux; Estimated gambling receipts and particulars of cinema attendances (which emphasises the urgent need for training in the use of leisure); Survey of the Physically Handicapped, etc. The more equal spread of both income and leisure means that one of the main tasks is to arouse the impulse of giving both money and service among the mass of people. Less than one third of the population, it is estimated, give any service outside their own homes. "Democracy today has to show that in discarding inequalities it can learn the virtues of aristocracy."

The scope for voluntary service still remains almost unlimited. In every locality, it is suggested, there should be some organisation which people can join for voluntary action. How far is this need already supplied by Toc H? Emphasis is placed on the necessity to restore the lost power of religious belief, or "to do what it once did in the hearts and minds of men". This restoration may come, says the author in conclusion, "through one spirit breathing again through many men, so that at last society may become a friendly society, an Affiliated Order with many branches, each with its own life in freedom, each linked to all by common purpose and by bonds to serve that purpose".

H.W.H.

To Our Builders

Greetings and Congratulations

A CHRISTMAS GREETING to all our Builders, that widely scattered and loyal band of men and women, gratefully regarded as being 'of the Family' while not being members of Toc H or Toc H (Women's Section). We should like to publish their names for all the world to see, but their modesty, no doubt, and certainly the present paper supply, forbids it. Nevertheless, the JOURNAL which most receive month by month is a constant reminder of our appreciation of them and their understanding support.

To Greeting must be added Congratulation. The Builders' Scheme is twenty-one years old this year. Launched at the Central Council Meeting in 1927, its coming-of-age is worthy of celebration. A later announcement will give details of a Builders' Festival Gathering in 1949, plans for the issue of a Badge as an outward and visible sign of evidence of interest in Toc H, and the arrangements being made for spreading the scheme in new fields.

We always hope that Toc H Builders regard themselves as being welcome to attend every appropriate Toc H gathering and guest night within their reach, whether arranged by a local Branch or a District or an Area. Because of this, we feel that we should explain why no Builders will have received invitations to this year's Toc H Birthday Festival in London. The Women's Section held their Festival in October, and in December we of Toc H are holding ours, the first since 1938. The Albert Hall has many seats but not enough to contain more than a representative number of members from each of the thousand Branches wishing to join in this reunion of men. Our apology to Builders is, therefore, qualified by the note above that it is hoped to invite them with friends to a special function in London early in 1949 and to other events elsewhere.

In the meantime may we hope you will find continued joy in your service to Toc H, and so may the spirit of Christmas be spread now and all the year round. Toc H Builders, we greet you!

Inti-Mates of 'Forty-Seven'—III.



Barkis

—*Editorial Secretary.*

BARCLAY BARON, a graduate of Oxford and the Bermondsey boys' clubs, a Foundation Member from the Old House, is the oldest piece of furniture in H.Q., where he has edited the JOURNAL for over twenty-five years. Hobbies: writing, painting, walking and browsing in book-shops.

The Elder Brethren

BARKER.—On October 22, CECIL CHARLES BARKER, a member of the Central General Branch. Elected 5.3.'26.

BRIERLY.—On October 16, Col. SYDNEY CLIFFORD BRIERLY, D.S.O., T.D., aged 65, a member of Huddersfield Branch. Elected 27.2.'28.

BRUCE-PORTER.—On October 15, Sir HARRY EDWIN BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, K.B.E., a member of the Central General Branch. Elected 1.1.'23.

FORSTER.—On September 14, JOHN FORSTER, a member of Stanley Branch. Elected 30.7.'48.

HERBERT.—On October 25, TOM HERBERT, aged 46, a member of Swadlincote Branch. Elected 3.6.'48.

JOSELYN.—On October 7, ARTHUR M. JOSELYN, a member of Mark I Branch. Elected December '23.

LAMBERT.—On October 31, Sir ARTHUR W. LAMBERT, M.C., J.P., a Vice-President of Toc H and former Chairman of the Northern Area Executive. Elected 15.4.'32.

MEAD.—In October, resulting from an accident, FRANK MEAD, aged 36, a member of Northampton Branch. Elected 9.3.'38.

NEWBY.—On October 8, ALBERT EDWARD NEWBY, aged 85, a member of East Grinstead Branch. Elected 19.6.'33.

SMAIL.—On October 26, FRED A. SMAIL, a founder-member of Dulwich Branch. Elected 3.6.'27.

STEWART.—On October 1, JAMES THOMAS STEWART, aged 35, a member of Putney Branch, and formerly of Buenos Aires. Elected 21.5.'31.

STONES.—On October 19, S. FRED STONES, aged 71, a member of Cawood (Selby) Branch. Elected 1.5.'45.

SWAYNE.—On October 5, the Rev. CHARLES NOEL SWAYNE, aged 80, a founder-member of Ashted Branch. Elected 6.2.'35.

TUNBRIDGE.—On October 11, EDWARD WILLIAM TUNBRIDGE, aged 64, a member of Leamington Spa Branch. Elected 11.5.'48.

Multum in Parvo

✠ "DICKIE" DINES for twelve years and more has served the men of the Royal Navy and other Services in Malta, Alexandria, the Mediterranean and latterly in Singapore. Now he has left the Staff and goes with the gratitude and good wishes of many in and beyond Toc H to a new field of work in Canada.

✠ The departure from the Staff of three Padres has to be announced and they too have our best wishes: GUY MOSS (Mark Padre at Leicester), MALCOLM MUST (Southern Area Padre), who has accepted the living of St. Anne's, Coventry, and will be instituted on December 10, and AUSTEN WILLIAMS (London Padre), who becomes Deputy-Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, at the end of this year. The appointments of successors are being considered.

✠ GEORGE HAMILTON (Mark Pilot at Salford) has also left the Staff. JAMES G. FROUD has been appointed and is serving as Mark Pilot at Derby. TOM GREGORY has left Leicester and is with the Services Staff in Germany.

✠ GORDON LAWES (Area Secretary, South Australia) is leaving Adelaide for Singapore to work for six months with Toc H in Malaya.

✠ The late SIR CLIFFORD FIGG, Hon. Overseas Commissioner for Ceylon, has bequeathed to Toc H Incorporated a legacy of £2,000, free of duty.

✠ Branch Executives are reminded that all Branch members should have been asked by now to review their membership, in order that the BRANCH MEMBERS' ROLL can be completed by mid-January.

✠ Here is a suggestion that might be adopted at some Area gatherings! A parish magazine announces: "EXHIBITION OF CHURCH TREASURERS. For the first time in the history of the diocese, the chief treasurers of our churches are to be assembled for exhibition. No lover of beautiful things should miss this".

Rhodesian Rally

Memories will dwell with pleasure on many a Toc H weekend in 1948, but none required more effort or brought more reward than the Whitsun rally of Rhodesian members, run by Bulawayo Branch in the Matopo Hills. Umtali clocked in for breakfast, the first arrivals after an all-night drive of 400 miles; Salisbury, starting at dawn, drove 300 miles to tea; Shabani covered their mere 120 miles in the early afternoon. A terrific dust storm,



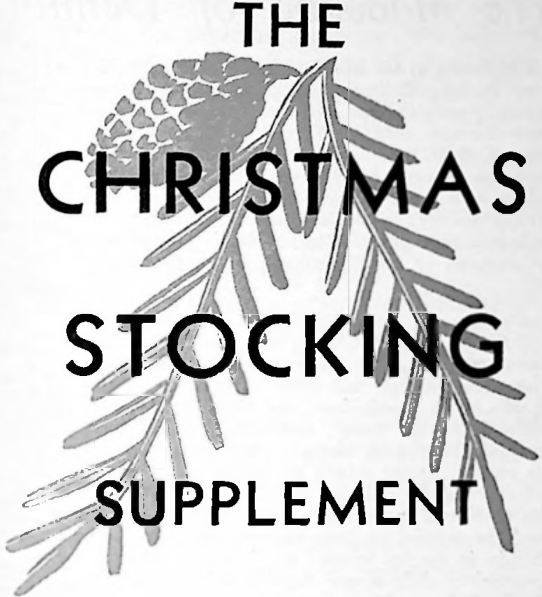
Above: Monday morning at the Grave of Cecil Rhodes. Right: The new flag of Toc H Rhodesia is hoisted



heralding a deluge of rain, speeded the start on Saturday.

Bulawayo members, men and women, sought sanctuary in a school *en route*, and arrived in camp at last to find equipment soaking; tea was a bit late. That night Norman High (formerly London Area staff, later full-timer in Toc H Southern Rhodesia) opened the discussion with a first-rate talk.

Sunday came in brilliant sunshine. Morning services were followed by Council sessions, both of the men and of the Women's Section, which lasted till sundown. On Monday many had to start early for home. The rest, climbing to the glorious site of Rhodes' Grave, reviewed Toc H past, present and future. Then with regret, they struck the new Toc H flag in camp and departed until next year.



THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING SUPPLEMENT

STOCKINGS of Lisle
Once were the style;
The fashion for Worsted
Was long ago bursted.



Stockings of Wool
Are terribly dull;
And utility Cotton
Is apt to be rotten.

Stockings of Silk?
More precious than milk,
And as for the Nylon—
It's many a mile on.

But here is **our** STOCKING
(And don't you start mocking!),
No ladders, unrationed,
But 'sheer', 'fully-fashioned'.

Small as the size is,
It holds some surprises,
A real lucky dip
From the toe to the tip.

So rummage it through—
It's all meant for **you**,
The bed-post adorning
To greet Christmas morning.




The Madonna of Demiansk

At the beginning of last month HORST WETTERLING, a young lecturer in a Teachers' Training College at Celle in Lower Saxony, returned home after a visit of more than six weeks to England at the invitation of Toc H. He spent that time with the Family in London, South Wales, and the Western and South Western Areas, and it is hoped that the result will be a close liaison between Toc H and some like-minded men in Germany, particularly with some engaged, with Horst, in a remarkable voluntary 'job' briefly described in the July JOURNAL (p. 234). More about this will appear later in these pages. Meanwhile, in answer to the Editor's invitation to contribute to our Christmas Supplement, Horst has written what follows.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the winter of 1941 six German divisions, numbering about 90,000 men, were holding the line round Demiansk, some 200 miles south of Leningrad. They believed themselves to be protected by large lakes and swamps, but when these froze over the Russians were able to advance on a wide front and these six divisions were cut off and surrounded in a large 'basin', measuring perhaps forty miles by twenty, by twenty-six Russian divisions. They remained thus imprisoned for thirteen months, during which all efforts to relieve them failed. They received their supplies only by an 'air-lift' of 600 planes, and when two brigades of Russian parachutists were dropped among them, these also could only be supplied by their own planes. The suffering of the troops of both sides in the two winters was intense. Among the Germans, who had not received their winter clothing when their imprisonment began, over 40,000 died of cold or in action. The temperature was so low at times that guards could only be posted for half-hour spells and men would collapse and die when relieved. The Russian parachutists, usually prevented from reaching their supplies, turned cannibal in some cases, and when the snow melted many of them, starved and frozen to death, were uncovered in the deep forests. Horst Wetterling, who was wireless officer of a regiment in one of these German divisions, here tells the story of his own Christmas in 1942, the second winter.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK in the afternoon, just as it began to grow dark, Russian planes scattered leaflets over the German lines. "We wish our German comrades a merry Christmas" was printed on them in German.

The various groups of the headquarters staff to which I belonged were busy in the dugouts which they had built with great pine trunks deep underground the summer before, getting everything ready for a festival Christmas Eve. In every dugout a Christmas tree with candles was rigged up, and in my own dugout—that of the wireless




operator—there was even a Madonna picture by an old German master on the table beneath the tree. One of my men had kept the picture carefully up till then inside our big wireless apparatus. The chaplain of the Division had promised to spend the evening with us.

Our regiment found itself on the western edge of a great basin, the 'fortress' of Demiansk, where a German army corps had been surrounded for a year by Russian divisions. Our own dugouts were cut into the sloping bank of a little river, and were, in spite of every precaution, easily visible from the air, for the network of telephone lines which ran far out over the snow-clad fields, and the antennæ of the wireless station pointed to the fact that this was a headquarters.

Just as the candles were lit and voices began to sing the first carols—"Silent night, holy night" and "O thou joyful, O thou blessed Christmastide"—the first bombs fell. They came screaming down into the hard-frozen ground and burst after about ten seconds, tearing deep and wide craters and tossing tree-stumps, debris and stones into the air. Several Russian planes circled over us and dropped their bombs close beside our information post. The doors were blown in, the candles extinguished by the terrific blast, and the men tumbled out to man their machine-guns. Bursts of tracer bullets lashed into the sky, each making a shining track, until there was a cone of flashing chains at the apex of which there danced a plane, as a ball dances on the tip of a fountain jet. But the slow, heavy bombers were strongly armoured and our weapons could not match them.

The whole night through, at intervals of about seven minutes, the planes came over and dropped their bombs on the small patch which held our dugouts. Again and again the night was lit up bright as day with dropping flares and the heavy time-bombs followed. Again and again the valley echoed with explosions; ever again the cries of wounded men pierced the icy night air; once more the bursts of machine-gun fire ploughed into the sky.





On Christmas morning I found a burnt-out lorry on the road. Beside it lay the Padre who was to have visited us. A bomb splinter had smashed his skull. His hand still gripped the handle of a brief-case, and the brief-case contained a few books which he had meant to put on the table under our Christmas tree. Among them was a copy of the '*Pensées*' of Blaise Pascal, which he had inscribed as a gift for me in his own hand with the words:

"Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

He was one of the bravest and the kindest men I have ever met. Neither the merciless cold of Russian winter nor the fire of countless weapons had power to move him from his duty of proclaiming the Good News of God.

Is it surprising that I shed tears that Christmas morning among the smoking ruins and the gaping craters? Is it strange that the holy joy of the Madonna in my picture seemed all at once to be changed to the grief of a Mother bowed in mourning over her Son?

H.W.

Prayer for a Housewife

May the glad presence of the Christ Child come
Across the waiting threshold of your home,
So that each task, at hearth or sink or stove,
Becomes a fresh revealing of His Love,
And every time you kneel to wash a floor,
You kneel in spirit at the stable door.

For you, upon this blessed Christmastide,
May all familiar chores be sanctified;
In all your cooking, planning, rationing,
May you find time to adore the little King.
Lifting your heart in every shopping queue
To listen to the angel-song anew.

DOROTHY FLANN.
Tot H Headquarters Staff.



First Christmas Card

THE SIGHT OF THE STATIONERS' SHOPS filled with Christmas Cards of infinite variety and design and supplemented by Toc H itself proclaiming, through the pages of the JOURNAL, its own special issue for the Family, may well prompt one to speculate on the origin of these ubiquitous messengers of Christmastide.

Just over a century ago, in 1843, Sir Henry Cole, the inaugurator and first director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, had an idea to design a picture-card that would convey his Christmas wishes to all his friends instead of sending them individual letters. Although painting was his hobby, he made little progress beyond an outlined sketch until he enlisted the help of a friend, Mr. J. C. Morsley, a member of the Royal Academy.

The card was made about the size of an ordinary post-card. The addressee's name could be entered at the top, whilst the sender could sign his name at the bottom. Trellis work and garlands of ivy split the design into three panels. The small oblong side-pieces depicting charitable acts 'Clothing the Naked' and 'Feeding the Hungry' whilst the large middle part showed a happy family gathering, drinking a health. To this was added a caption, 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You'.


For a couple of years both the amateur and the professional artist were content to do no more than show the card to admiring friends. Then someone suggested that it should be printed and offered for sale in stationery shops. A thousand of the cards were printed by lithography, given a finishing touch by hand and placed on sale. This happened at the Christmas season of the year 1846 and the stock was quickly sold out. So it was that three years after the idea was first conceived, the Christmas card found its way on to the market.





Journey of the Magi

T. S. ELIOT.



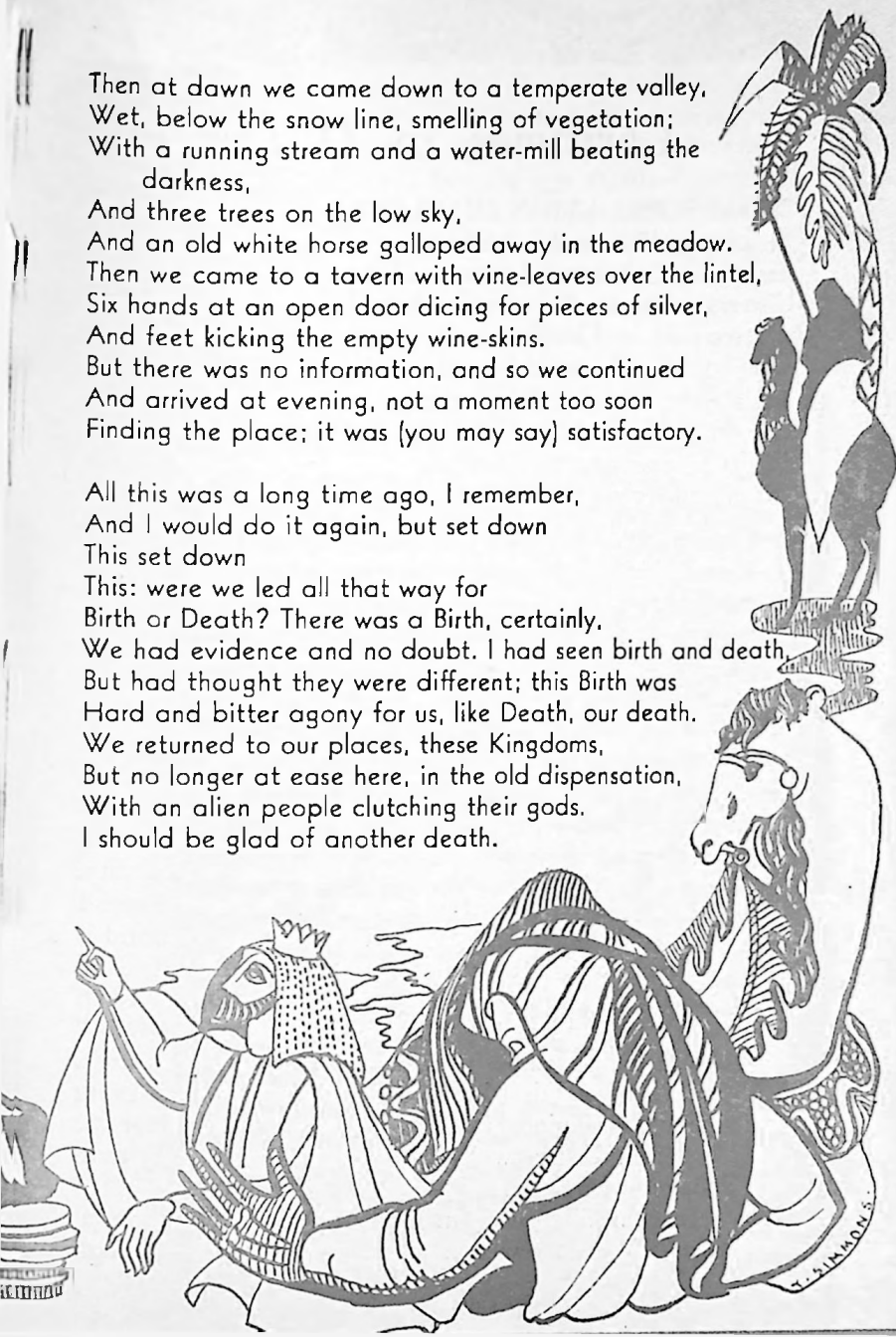
'A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.'
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor
and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack
of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.





Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the
darkness,

And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly.
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death.
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.





Christmas in Ulster


THE POPULATION OF ULSTER is something short of a million and a half except at Christmas when it seems to be twice as many. Christmas begins for the Ulsterman "across the water" when he steps on to the boat at Liverpool or Heysham. If it doesn't begin that way, you could hardly say it begins at all.

It's a very pleasant thing, the gathering in; the meeting with this one and that one home from England, from sundry foreign parts or from sea; hearing your own speech again, and feeling the easy familiarity of home. The great thing about Christmas is that it is a family affair—and an Ulsterman's family numbers something short of a million and a half; the fellow you meet on the Liverpool boat, likely as not, is a third cousin at least, or married to one.

Maybe there is less than there was of local tradition and custom. The old customs are going out, and some of the colour is going out of life with them; it's a long time now since the Rhymers were a familiar part of the Christmas scene, though you might hear them yet round the country, an odd time. That kind of thing is going out in England too; the Easter "Peace Egging" in Lancashire and "A-Souling" in Cheshire are almost forgotten. It's a pity.

Only once did I hear the Rhymers . . . "Here come I Beelzebub, and over my shoulder I carry a Club . . . and if you won't heed what I say here comes Divvil Doit, And he'll show ye the way . . . Here come I wee Divvil Doit, if ye don't give me money I'll throw ye all out! . . . " Neighbours look less now to each other for entertainment. Still, there is a good deal left to us in Ulster—for one thing the tradition of singing Handel's Messiah. We believe we do it better in Ulster (we've been practising longer) than it is done anywhere else.

Ay, we can still rejoice in God and in each other, at Christmas. We go our several ways to Church—though





not so many of us as used to—and remembering our common humanity before God we forget our family differences for the while. We are one family even if we seem to forget it now and again between each Christmas and the next. We are a clannish lot and the feeling of family is unmistakably shown at Christmas. Toc H used to see it (and will again, I hope) in Crumlin Gaol, where we were, at Christmas, guests at the Prisoners' own concert. They felt, and so did we, that it was the best gaol in the country. The Prison Concerts in September, 1939, went the way of the Christmas Rhymers, but Toc H will be doing the job again. (I'm lookin' at ye, Rab) . . . Joe Frame and the Cinema Entertainment Unit will be doing their endeavours in the Hospitals.

Christmas in Ulster: a time for thinking long, if you're away from Ulster. All of being young is bound up with it. Wasn't it at Christmas that we skated on the flooded fields beyond Lisburn—played mixed hockey (a kind of training for the next armed revolt)—walked over Squire's Hill from Ballyvaston at 3 o'clock in the morning (after a grand party where Alex made five efforts in assorted keys to sing "Jug o' Punch" unaccompanied, and finally won through in a key half an octave too high)?

We used to do many a thing at Christmas. I could be sentimental about it but we are a dour, humourless, *commercial* race of people in Ulster they say . . . let them say. I wouldn't have missed being an Ulsterman for anything, though I must miss next Christmas in Ulster over a trifle of four return fares from Liverpool (Oh ay, we have a sense of *proportion* about money!)

Christmas in Ulster: Christmas anywhere: Christian Communion and pagan revelry: who will say where the one ends and the other begins? Christmas is Christmas, but better if you are in your own place with your own people. I wish all at home the best of everything, and those abroad the next best they can hope to have.

J. McCLENAHAN.



Christmas Customs


*"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again."*

IT IS POSSIBLE to trace back many of our Christmas customs to mediæval times, and beyond. From the Druids came the mistletoe and the yule log. The gathering of the mistletoe was performed by them with great ceremony, and included the sacrifice of bulls and human beings. Mistletoe was hung over the entrances of houses as a charm to ward off evil. The custom of hanging it within doors came later, as also did that of kissing beneath it. At one time a berry had to be removed for each kiss, and the rule was, "no more berries, no more kisses". When it became the custom to decorate the churches with evergreens the clergy would not allow mistletoe to be used because of its pagan associations, and the rule still holds.

The yule log was adopted by the Druids from Scandinavia, where, at the Winter Solstice, bonfires were lit in honour of the god Thor. The custom of dragging a trunk or large branch to the master's house has now died out, but in a number of Somerset inns and farms the burning of the Ashen Faggot is still kept up. On Christmas Eve they gather round the fire, on which is placed a bundle of ash sticks bound together with nine green bands. As each band breaks in the flames, it is a signal for everyone to take a sip from his mug of cider.

Probably the strongest ale drunk this Christmas will, however, not be served in an inn but an Oxford college. "Chancellor" ale, brewed in the 500-years-old Queen's College brewery will be quaffed in the course of the Christmas night ceremonies, when it is served from a great two-handed bowl. This is the occasion on which a large

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boar's head, decorated with silver daggers, frills and mistletoe, is brought by the cooks into the college hall, to the accompaniment of silver trumpets.

At the same time as the college banquet is taking place, Ilchester, in Somerset, will be holding one of the most interesting survivals, a badger feast. According to tradition, it was first started by the Norman poachers of the district at the end of the eleventh century, and is believed to have continued without a break ever since. A group of local worthies gather at one of the oldest inns in the town, where the badger is roasted over a fire of blazing logs. Curiously, only fingers and penknives are allowed for eating this tasty dish. The company sing carols for the rest of the evening.

The earliest carols were pagan folk-songs of which very few have survived. In the thirteenth century the Franciscans 'originated' many carols by seizing numbers of old ballad melodies and making them to Christian themes, much as the Salvation Army in our own day sometimes turns music-hall tunes to good account. These, together with the dramatic miracle songs, cover nearly all the traditional carols until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when numerous pieces were composed by musicians both great and small. The tradition of the Christmas Waits is still maintained by parties of carol singers, including some from Toc H Branches, serenading their friends and making a collection for charity. There are the inevitable small bands of youngsters, who deliver a hastily 'rendered' couple of verses of "While Shepherds Watched" followed by an instalment of "Good King Wenceslas", timed just sufficient to cover the period while tribute is exacted.

The roots of our Christmas tree are planted in primitive man's dim past. It was Martin Luther, says tradition, who seeing the stars between the branches in a pine wood on Christmas night, brought home a little tree and stuck candles for stars on it. From Germany it came first to Buckingham Palace with the Prince Consort.

Sticking to It

THE CHRISTMAS MAIL of hundreds of readers of the JOURNAL must be very much like my own—a mass of Christmas cards, two or three letters from Headquarters, an Income Tax Demand and a few letters from Organisations asking me, as it is Christmas, to contribute to their funds.

Thinking about this latter item led me to wonder whether these letters are peculiar to this country alone or whether in other countries at Christmas or some other suitable season organisations devoted to works of charity, send out letters of appeal. It is not a far step from that point to recollect some of the methods used for money raising for charity that are conducted overseas. We are all familiar, or we were in earlier years, with the Irish Sweepstake for the benefit of hospitals in Eire. As a stamp collector I am familiar too with the charity issues that are common in a number of overseas countries, particularly on the continent of Europe.

Delightful pages in my album are those with sets of the Pro Juventute issues of Switzerland. In earlier years most of the stamps bore the arms of towns and provinces, but latterly there have been depicted the truly delightful flowers of the Swiss Alps—the Edelweiss, Gentian and Alpine Dog Rose and so on. These stamps appear in sets of three or four every Christmas, and





besides being valid for postal use, carry slight surcharges which are devoted to the benefit of child organisations in Switzerland.

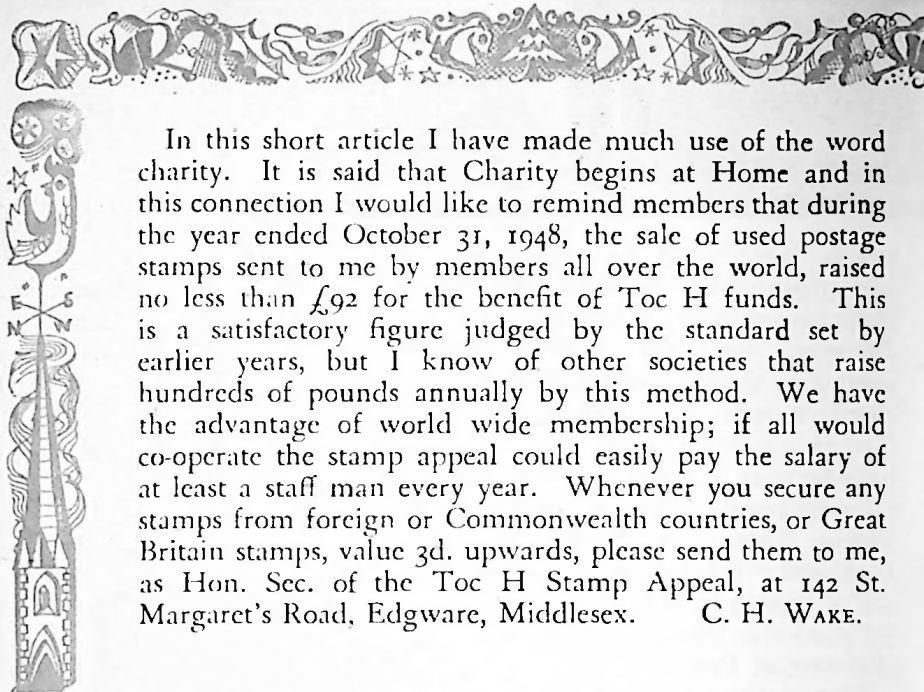
In many countries anti-tuberculosis funds are swelled by the proceeds from the sale of postage-cum-charity stamps. Of particular interest to members of Toc H are perhaps those of Belgium. Those who have been on pilgrimages will view with delight the splendid reproductions of familiar scenes such as the Menin Gate, the Belfry, Bruges and Malines Cathedral. Belgium is a country which has issued sets of stamps in aid of a number of causes. Worthy of particular mention are those in aid of the Orval Abbey Restoration Fund.

In 1917 France issued a set in aid of the War Orphans' Fund and repeated it in 1926. Of particular interest, but not perhaps true charity stamps, were the sets issued in the 1920's by that country to assist in the reduction of the National Debt! Holland, like Switzerland, has issued many sets for the benefit of child welfare, but particular mention might be made of the two stamps issued in 1931, in aid of the Gouda Church Restoration Fund. Connoisseurs of cheese will be familiar with the name of this town.

It must not be thought that all the countries that issue charity sets completely overlook the needs of their own postal workers. Rumania is amongst those that have issued charity sets for the benefit of postal employees' relief funds.

Foreign countries are not alone in providing charity funds through the medium of the postage stamp. New Zealand has done so each year since 1929, but generally speaking the countries of the Commonwealth prefer to restrict their stamps to the narrower field covered by the words "Postage and Revenue".





In this short article I have made much use of the word charity. It is said that Charity begins at Home and in this connection I would like to remind members that during the year ended October 31, 1948, the sale of used postage stamps sent to me by members all over the world, raised no less than £92 for the benefit of Toc H funds. This is a satisfactory figure judged by the standard set by earlier years, but I know of other societies that raise hundreds of pounds annually by this method. We have the advantage of world wide membership; if all would co-operate the stamp appeal could easily pay the salary of at least a staff man every year. Whenever you secure any stamps from foreign or Commonwealth countries, or Great Britain stamps, value 3d. upwards, please send them to me, as Hon. Sec. of the Toc H Stamp Appeal, at 142 St. Margaret's Road, Edgware, Middlesex. C. H. WAKE.

The Editorial Staff take this opportunity of thanking all those who have worked for the Toc H Journal in 1948 — our contributors, artists and photographers, our printers and block-makers, and all who have criticised or thrown bouquets

They wish Journal readers all over the world a very happy Christmas and success in all their best ventures in 1949

Toc H Women's Festival

THE NINTH FESTIVAL of Toc H (Women's Section), held in London on Saturday and Sunday, October 30-31, was in itself a striking event—and it was something more.

First, the event. The opening of the Festival was an act of worship on Saturday afternoon. Some of us, remembering the time when the League of Women Helpers would have been well content if they could fill the three or four hundred seats in All Hallows as it then stood, were taken by surprise when we got inside the doors of St. Paul's Cathedral; we experienced a great uplifting of our hearts at the sight of one of the greatest churches in the world filled with Toc H women from end to end.

There were three thousand of them under this soaring roof, and then, we reminded ourselves, a thousand more at the same moment in St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Quantity but, even more impressive, quality. The great variety in age and origin and income was merged in a greater unity of spirit and of purpose—the spirit and purpose of Toc H.

The form of service was extremely simple and that was the secret of its beauty and power. Three voices conducted it by turn—Tubby from the pulpit, Gilbert Williams from a stall and the Dean from the lectern and, for the benediction, from the sanctuary. The lesson was one of the most familiar, the opening of St. John's Gospel; the hymns—one for praise, one of faith affirmed, one of intercession and one 'in proud thanksgiving' for the Elder Brethren, together with the Magnificat, were all well known and sung whole-heartedly. There were some short sentences and responses in confession and thanksgiving; there were only four prayers. Nothing could be more straight-forward nor more rich in meaning. At the end, the grand pealing of the organ was hushed while the kneeling congregation sang "God be in my head and in my understanding". This quiet climax was not only most moving but those who sang felt it to be true. It had indeed been an hour of understanding, for God had been in their heads.





THE QUEEN AND TESSY AT THE FESTIVAL EVENING

"The work that is being done by the Women's Section of Too H is, I think, a wonderful example to us all of Christian charity inspired by suffering."

H.M. THE QUEEN

Getting a meal in London on a Saturday evening requires art and patience, but a three hours' interval gave everyone a chance. Then the great crowd came together again in a 'family gathering' of the best, full of lively greetings, laughter and happiness, in the Royal Albert Hall. They settled down, tier on tier of them filling this great 'O' from the arena to the balcony, to the songs and speeches which composed the first half of the programme. The speakers, Bryan Green (lately Vicar of Holy Trinity, Brompton, now Rector of Birmingham) and Miss E. M. Batten (after a distinguished record of social service, now a theological student at Oxford) who in dead earnest about the highest things, without apology but not without touches of humour. Alternating with the spoken word, two groups of songs, some solemn, some jolly, were sung by the B.B.C. Choral Society, under their conductor, Leslie Woodgate, and then there was an expectant pause. Everyone knew why and turned towards the empty Royal box. Suddenly it was occupied, with a figure in pale grey in the centre, answering the applause of the whole audience by a gesture of the hand—the Queen. She stood, with her loyal subjects, while the Choral Society sang the 'Hallelujah Chorus'. The interval followed.

The second half of the evening brought back vivid memories of Toc H Festivals on this same stage in years past, the tiers of the orchestra filling with a procession, a Royal speech, the pageantry of many lights. The women's Lamps and Rushlights were brought in by two long columns of bearers, issuing from the back of the stage. They filled the orchestra tiers, row after row, steadily but unhurriedly and with a precision beautiful to watch. Then, to complete the time-honoured pattern, Arthur Pettifer ('The Gen') headed a small procession up the centre gangway from the back of the Hall. He carried the Prince's Lamp, whose home is All Hallows, in his hands, lighted. Behind him came the Queen, attended by Tubby, and behind them a small group of Toc H (Women's Section). The audience sang "a health unto Her Majesty" as she took her place on the platform, and then she spoke with quiet conviction.

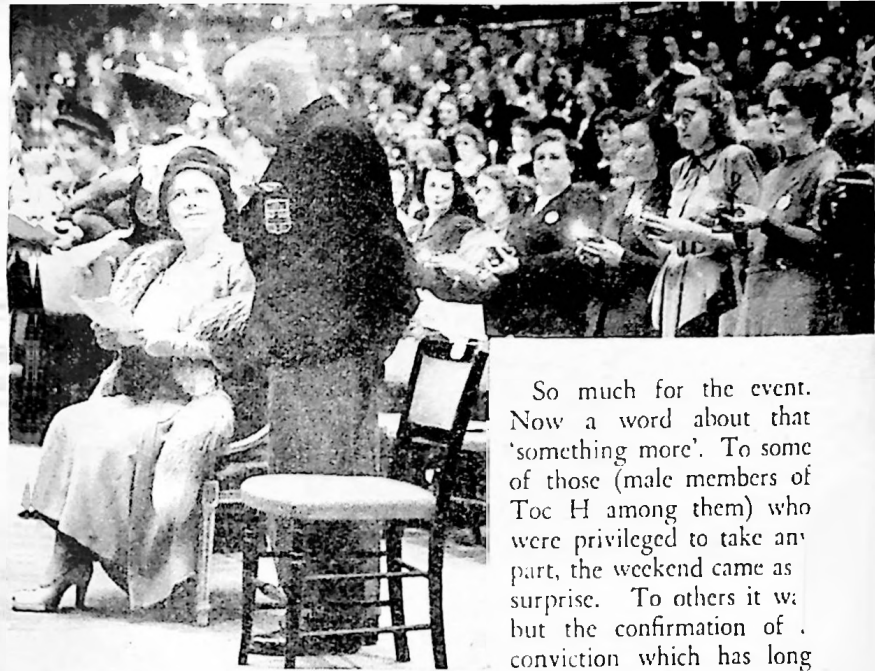
Everyone was then upstanding as Tubby, in a deliberate voice, led them to rededicate themselves in the words of the 'Main



Resolution'. Tapers were now handed to the Queen, who lit them at the Prince's Lamp, and from these the light was passed quickly, row by row, to all the Lamps and Rushlights behind. The scene was set; the Hall lights suddenly died out and the words of the ceremony of 'Light' began. And it was the clear voice of the Queen that was speaking them. In the central minutes of Silence the golden points of flame, rank above rank, trembled with a living light and behind each the bearer's face was seen in a faint glow. It was a sight so lovely and significant that it left no one, not even those who had seen it often before, unmoved. At the end brief home-going prayers, led by Tubby.

It was not quite over. The printed programme finishes with the words "Her Majesty the Queen will now leave the Hall". This exit, the only item, we may suppose, unrehearsed, was surely the climax of a wonderful evening. The Queen, with Tubby and her little procession, came down the steps from the platform and began to cross the arena. She greeted the applauding audience to right and left with her hand as she went; then she stopped a moment and said a word to one of them, then to another. These halts became more frequent and longer; women began to press towards the gangway; the whole great crowd was applauding louder and louder with delight. The Queen smiled radiantly, looked up to the crowded boxes and balcony above her and waved her hand. Then she was gone. This was not the bowing-out of a courtesy Patron but the affectionate 'Goodnight' and 'God bless you' of a whole movement to someone who has watched it grow from the smallest beginnings, has understood its aims, used it in her own work, played her part in it (as many instances could prove) behind the scenes as well as on public occasions such as this night.

When Sunday morning came, service after service was needed at All Hallows to feed those who came to make their Communion. In the afternoon a big family gathering at the Seymour Hall sang songs, witnessed a play, put on by 'The Taverners', heard Tubby in his happiest vein. Then the great assembly dispersed in every direction, but in the consciousness, much strengthened by the weekend, that in the deepest sense they belonged together.



On the platform before 'Light'

So much for the event. Now a word about that 'something more'. To some of those (male members of Toc H among them) who were privileged to take any part, the weekend came as surprise. To others it was but the confirmation of a conviction which has long been growing firmer. The 'League of Women Helpers',

a small band of handmaids of a man's movement, most faithful from the beginning but sometimes very cavalierly treated, belongs to past history. Toc H (Women's Section) took its place, assumed a new status which it had won by its humble witness, its brave building of its own organisation and its hard work for others. Can anyone who took part in it, its ninth Festival, or who has attended a meeting of its Central Council or seen its Branches at work 'in the field', doubt that it has 'arrived'? To put it more plainly, must we not recognise that it is, without the use of any brackets, an equal in the family—strange is the family that has no women!—of Toc H? In some places this is already recognised in fellowship and in work, it is a plain fact so natural as to need no explanation. In others old hesitations, suspicions, even antagonisms on one or both sides survive. In a world so changed, where the equal comradeship in work and danger of men and women in recent years cannot be forgotten, the fact that Toc H claims the allegiance of women no whit less than of men needs to be looked at with fresh eyes.

B.B.



Training in East Yorks

THE WORD 'TRAINING' has rather a hollow ring for some—it calls to mind some of the less welcome hours of war-time. Never mind the name; if you can, find a better one. We all need to learn, and at the 'training weekends', now fashionable, Toc H is proving that it does not "creep unwillingly to school". A good instance was seen at Cottingham, outside Hull, where East Yorkshire members gathered to the tune of over fifty at the peak period, on September 11-12. They occupied parts of Camp Hall, a unique students' hostel belonging to Hull University College, for it consists of a large camp of Nissen huts, each hut divided into eight tiny 'bed-sitting rooms' by brick partitions, with a common-room at one end and bathrooms at the other. On Saturday afternoon, while the Area Executive was meeting in one of the outsize Nissens which serve as recreation rooms, the trainees knocked a cricket ball about and after tea at a most friendly café in Cottingham ("the largest village in England"), assembled in the camp for the first session, opened by Barkis, on 'Service'. There was lively discussion until family prayers: fish

and chips in richly dripping paper provided a nightcap. On Sunday many members began the day with Communion in the Parish Church, followed by hilarious breakfast together. The second session, also opened by Barkis, occupied the morning with 'Fellowship'. After lunch Bertram Calver (Area Padre) took a service in the meeting hut and then it was time to disperse. Members from many units had spoken their minds, picked up some new ideas and confirmed some old beliefs. Alas that the time was so short! But it is better to be asking for more than to have indigestion.

The Showmen of England

THE ANNUAL FAIR visited Ilminster recently. I expect you had a good time there? Not so much money to spend as last year? Perhaps not . . . But did that make the Showmen any less civil? They work for your fun. Your enjoyment, your liberality affects their pay-packets.

"Oh Yes! You bet. They make a jolly good thing out of us!" Do they? What about the weather? What about the risk of poor attendance? What about their side of the Show? Have you ever given that side a thought? Perhaps not. But Toc H has.

The Ilminster Branch of Toc H run a "Showmen's Rest Hut" annually at the Fair. There the Showmen can come and get drinks, sandwiches and cakes. There mothers can leave their children, while they are busy with the Show. There the Showmen can look at papers, play games, amuse themselves for a change. Toc H keeps going after you have all gone home to bed. The Showmen can then come and relax.

Members volunteer for duty each evening to be in charge of the Rest Hut, and stay on until the Showmen want to go. Other members, not on duty, drop in when they can to help. Hot tea is taken round the Shows; cakes and sandwiches too, go with the members on the job. Everything is sold at cost price (that is what would have been "cost price", had most of it not already

been presented to the Branch). What we realise goes to the funds of our Men's and Women's Branches here. Toc H cannot live on air. It needs money to make the wheels go round, like the rest of us.

But the Showmen! Have you ever met the Showmen? What grand people! "What! everything two-pence? You can't make much on that." "We don't want to. We sell at cost price." "Cost price be . . .! Keep the change. You want something for your Funds. Wish there were more like you about the place."

But the men and women Branches of Toc H at Ilminster have done nothing out of the ordinary. What have each of us personally given of our time and money for others? We are by no means the only pebble on the beach. Many others realise their responsibilities, as well as their rights. Our friends in Ilminster for instance. Many who have given us grub to sell to the Showmen, crockery for our Showmen's Hut. Lt.-Colonel J. D. C. Thompson, T.D. and the 630 Med. Regt. R.A. (S.L.I.) T.A., who allowed us to use their Drill Hall in Ilminster free of charge as our 'Showmen's Rest Hut'. The papers, the games, were given.

We only wish we could do what we did before the war—give hot suppers, bacon and eggs, coffee, fresh milk for the Showmen's children, &c. &c. But we can't do that now. But we can still do something for the Showmen, who are giving of their best, so that the rest of us can 'have a good time' and enjoy ourselves for a change.

B.C.

BELRA's Thanks

ARTHUR EDGAR, *General Secretary of BELRA, writes:*

May I have the hospitality of your columns to express in as wide a way as possible the appreciation by BELRA of the fine assistance which Toc H members have rendered in connection with the showing of our Exhibition this year? The interest which Toc H has always shown in leprosy work is so well understood that I ought not to have been surprised at the grand way in which at every stand of the Exhibition local Toc H, men and women, have volunteered and given their help. Nevertheless I must confess that the extent of this help in stewarding, loading and organising has amazed me. We are very grateful indeed.

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Prayer of Sir Francis Drake

O LORD GOD, when thou givest to us thy servants to endeavour any great matter, teach us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished which yieldeth the true glory; through him that for the finishing of thy work laid down his life, our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Amen.

